WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 21.—VOL. XVII NEW-YORK SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1805 NO. 855.

PERIANDER OF CORINTH, OR REVENGE;

A TALE.

(Translated from the German of Augustus La Fontaine.)

"AND am I not happy?" said the haughty Periander to the sage Medon: am I not happy without thy rigid virtue?"

Medon replied by a look expressive of compassion, and shaking in silence his grey head. Periander pressed him for an explicit answer.

"Sovereign of Corinth," said Medon mildly, the gods have done every thing to make thee happy.

Corinth is thine: thou hast a wife who loves thee, and children who are deserving of thy love. What more can a mortal wish? Yet in thy breast dwells an evil dæmon which perpetually destroys the happiness the gods would bestow on thee—the raging thirst of revenge. Thou deservest not thy happiness, and wilt not retain it, since thou seekest only power. Corinth loved thee, and thou wast truly a king. Thou wouldest be more; the city groans beneath thy oppressions, and hates thee. Thou canst not taste the sweets of gentle affection and mild benevolence; thou wishest only for absolute sway, and art not happy."

Periander smiled contemptously, and hastened to the embraces of his affectionate wife, and his three beloved children. Melissa, the tender consort of Periander, loved her haughty husband, though she trembled at the violence of his passions. She had been brought up at Epidaurus with Erasinus, her near kinsman, for whom she had conceived the warmest friendship. He came to Corinth. Melissa threw herself, with the liveliest emotion of joy, into the arms of her friend, shed tears of pleasure, and pressed him to her heart.

Anger and jealousy now took possession of the heart of Periander. A gloomy cloud overcast his burning eye; for Melissa he thought to have neither love nor friendship for any person but himself.—The amiable Melissa observed not the disturbed looks of her husband: she took the youth by the hand, and, with a tender voice, said:

"Do you not remember Erasinus, how fond we were of each other when we were children?"

She reminded her friend of the happy days of their youth; of their sports, their confidence, & their seperation. She then led him to her husband, and said:

"Periander, you must love him—you must love him for my sake."

Periander was silent, though his soul was tortured by jealousy and the thirst of vengeance.

"Do you love any person besides me, Melissa?" said Periander, with a cold and gloomy air, to his wife, when he was alone with her.

"I love," said she, "my children—and my dear father—and the noble Erasinus, my kinsman."

"I am satisfied," said Periander, and immediately left her abruptly.

The next day, at table, Erasinus turned pale, and sank down on his seat. "Poison!" exclaimed he, and expired.

Periander watched Melissa with a suspicious eye. She hastened to the murdered youth, threw herself on his body, and bedewed it with her tears, calling him by name, half frantic with grief. Periander took her arm and led her into another apartment to her children: he embraced her, and bade her children embrace her. She was inconsolable. Her unfeeling and haughty husband wished to be absolute master even of her grief.

"I," said he coldly, taking her hand, "I gave Erasinus the poison by which he died: wilt thou still weep for him, Melissa?"

"Thou gavest him the poison!" exclaimed she with looks wildly expressive of astonishment, and tearing herself from him. "Wretched murderer! what had he done to thee?"

Periander cast a stern and menacing glance on Melissa, and hastily left her. Jealousy and confidence, hatred and love, fiercely contended in his soul. His pride pronounced the sentence of death against his wife, but his heart shrunk at the thought.

"Say," cried the senseless tyrant, "say, Melissa, that thou hatedst him, and I will forgive thy tears."

"Oh, I loved him!" exclaimed Melissa, lifting her hands towards heaven in an agony of grief. "He was my friend! I loved him!"

Pride and the thirst of vengeance raged in the heart of Periander, but the love of Melissa restrained his hand. He remained alone, from distrust of the cruelty of his soul. The flames of jealousy consumed him, and love became his torturer.

A month had elapsed, when one morning, disturbance of mind having driven him early from bed, he saw his wife, in a mourning habit, kneeling on the grave of Erasinus, and pressing her breast against the cold marble. This sight agravated his anger and jealousy into a raging flame. He rushed from the apartment where he was, took his three children, and led them into the garden to their mother. With a faultering but furious voice, he said to her;

"Take leave of thy children, Melissa: for they must go to Epidaurus, to their father."

Melissa looked at him, and read her death in his eyes.

"I know—" said she, and embraced her children, who were then led away by their nurse. Periander was left alone with Melissa.

"What dost thou know?" asked he furiously.

"That I must die, like him," replied Melissa.

"Strumpet!" cried he, drawing a dagger; "thy conscience tells thee what thou deservest."

"Not my conscience, but thy looks."

"Curse, then, the shade of thy wretched paramour."

"Canst thou require, Periander," said Melissa trembling, "that I should curse him who loved me?"

She sank on the grave, and, in her terror, threw her arms round the pillars.

"What, in my sight," exclaimed the tyrant, "do you embrace his tomb?" and instantly plunged the dagger in her breast.

"Periander!" cried she. "Alas! I loved thee, and yet art thou my murderer?"

She stretched out her arms to embrace him, but sank down again and breathed her last.

Periander shrieked with agony, for the furies terrified him. The dagger fell from his hand, and he fled. The shade of Melissa pursued him, and he found neither rest nor consolation but in the innocent prattle and sports of his daughter, who, like her mother, was named Melissa. The nurse of this child had not taken her to Epidaurus, because she was too sickly and weak to endure the journey; but the two sons remained with their grand-father at Procles, the sovereign of Epidaurus.

Periander passed his days at Corinth, melancholy and comfortless.

The sage Medon frequently said to him:

"Wilt thou never perceive that man, without affection, and the gentler sentiments of his nature, must continully be exposed to the severest blows of fate: not the gods deprived thee of Melissa, but thy arrogance, thy selfishness, and thy insatiable ambition."

The haughty heart of Periander was moved, but not convinced, by this remonstrance. Time healed his grief; the shade of Melissa was appeased by costly sacrifices; he thought no more of the crimes he had committed, and was again happy in the consciousness of his power and the love of his daughter. But the gods, who dispose all human events, had not forgotten him. He was to become a man, and be rendered such by the strokes of mifortune.

After an interval of many years, he sent for his sons home from the court of Procles, in order to educate them in such a manner as might fit them to assume the sovereignity after him. Procles knew that Periander had murdered his wife, but he was silent; from fear of his cruelty and his power. The sons of Melissa had hitherto supplied to her father the place of his daughter. On the morning of their departure, when he clasped the two youths weeping in his arms, his grief, and his fear that the cruelty of Periander should be exercised upon them, extorted from him the dreadful secret.

"Alas?" said he, "my children, your mother Melissa"—

He looked stedfastly on them, and was silent.

"My mother Melissa!" exclaimed the younger of the youths, Lycophron. "Your voice, your manner, my father, is significant, Oh, speak! what would you say?"

"She was murdered," cried the old man.

"Murdered! father, murdered! O ye eternal gods! Who?—I conjure you tell me—who committed the atrocious deed!"

The old man trembled. He would have been silent, but an irresistible power forced from him the words—"thy father!"

The youth covered his face, andsank on the bosom of his grand-father. At length the old man, with trembling hands, drew the covering from the pale and wild countenance of his grandson, and endeavoured to console him. Lycophron remained long silent in cold and sullen sorrow. At length he said: "I cannot see him—I will remain here." His grand-father pressed him to obey, and Lycophron, at length, consented and

departed in the most poignant grief. The youth covered his face, and sank on the bosom of his grand father. At length the old man, with trembling hands, drew the covering from the pale and wild countenance of his grandson, and endeavored to console him. Lycophron remained long silent in cold and sullen sorrow.

(To be Continued.)

AN INGENIOUS SHIFT OF TWO DRUNKARDS.

HADJAGE, a lieutenant of the caliph's, remarkable for his severity, had given orders to the intendant of Bagdad, to put to death all such as were found drunk in the streets two hours after sun-set. The officer, on his patrole, surprised two young men intoxicated with liquor.—"Who are you," says he, in a menacing tone, "that dare disobey the commands of the caliph's lieutenants?" One of the young men answered him, by these two extempore verses, "The greatest lords, pale and trembling before my father, bow down their heads in his presence; but their humble posture moves him not; he sheds their blood and takes possession of their riches." The intendant, persuaded that this young man was a near relation to the caliph, did not venture to put him to death, but only conducted him to prison. He interrogated his companion in the same manner, who answered him by two other verses. "A fire burns day and night in my father's kitchen, and a crowd of guests continually surround his table." The intendant taking him for the son of some Arabian prince of the desert, (They are very hospitable; their prince or chief, receive indifferently strangers and travellers of every country.) judged him entitled to the same indulgence as the other. The next day he conveyed the two young men before Hadjagé, and recounted to him what had passed. The vizir, having questioned them, the first confessed that his father was a surgeon; (in the original, they are called surgeons that practise cupping, which is much used in the East; and the shoulders were commonly the part applied to; and this situation he alluded to.) and the second, that his father sold beans (in the East, there are shops where beans are sold ready dressed to the people,) in the bazar (public market) of the city. Hadjagé, in spite of his severity, could not avoid smiling at the mistake of the intendant of the police, and pardoned the culprits for the shrewdness of their wit.

THE UNGRATEFUL SON.

AN ancient man, very rich, in conversation with a dervich whom he had hospitably entertained, said to the santon, "I have but one son, and am excessively fond of him: how many prayers did I incessantly offer up to heaven before my request was granted! In yonder valley is a tree known only to those who have favors to ask of the Almighty: days and nights have I spent in sighs and tears at the foot of that sacred tree."

While the fond father was thus expressing his affection, the son replied, loud enough to be heard by the dervich, "Oh that I could find the tree that has such virtues: I would fly to it to implore the immediate death of my father."

MAXIM.

THOSE only ought to read much, that forget much.

THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE, IN CORNWALL.

A Well there is in the West country
And a clearer one never was seen:
There is not a wife in the West country,
But has heard of the well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm tree stands behind,
And beside does an ash tree grow,
And a willow from the bank above
Droops to the water below.

A trav'ler came to the well of St. Keyne,
Pleasant it was to his eye;
For from cock-crow he had been travelling,
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,
For thirsty and hot was he;
And he sat down upon the bank,
Under the willow tree.

There came a man from the neighboring town
At the Well to fill his pail;
On the well side he rested it,
And bade the stranger hail.

"Now art thou a bachelor, stranger?" quoth he,
"For if thou hast a wife,
The happiest draught that thou hast drank this day
That ever thou didst in thy life:

"Or has your good woman if one you have,
In Cornwall ever been?
For an'if she have, I'll venture my life,
She has drank of the well of St. Keyne."

"I have left a good woman who never was here,"
The stranger he made reply;
"But that my draught should be better for that,
I pray you answer me why?"

"St. Keyne," quoth the countryman, "many a time,
Drank of this chrystal Well,
And before the angel summoned her,
She laid on the water a spell.

"If the husband of this gifted Well
Shall drink before his wife,
A happy man thenceforth is he,
For he shall be master for life;

"But if the wife should drink of it first,
God help the husband then!"
The stranger stoopt to the Well of St. Keyne,
And he drank of the water again.

"You drank of the Well, I warrant, betimes?"
He to the countryman said;
But the countryman smil'd as the stranger spoke,
And sheepishly shook his head;

"I hasten'd, as soon as the wedding was done,
And left my wife in the porch:
But I'faith she had been wiser than me,
For she took a bottle to church."

AN HERMITAGE.

A LITTLE lovely Hermitage it was,
Down in a dale hard by the forest's side,
Far from resort of people that did pass
In traveil to and fro; a little wyde
There was an holy chapell edifyde,
Wherein the hermit dewly wont to say
His holy things each morn and even tyde;
Thereby a chrystall streame did gently play,
Which from a sacred fountain welled forth alway.

REFINED DELICACY.

A TALE.

BELVILLE saw a thousand beauties in Matilda; she had the most tender attachment to Belville, and, as nothing hindered, the happiest union was soon compleated between them. The more he saw of her, the more excellence he discovered, the more he admired her, the more he loved her. But, alas! where is perfection? As the connexion became more intimate, some little latent defects, some of those weeds from which the human soil was yet never free, appeared, and he could not but wish them plucked up;—not on account of their significancy, but his peculiar admiration of the soil in which they grew: yes, that very readiness in spying defect in another, that common mark of human malignity, was in Belville the result of the most delicate sensibility. He could not bear that Matilda should be sullied with the least blemish; though he knew that that blemish, like a flaw in a diamond, was discovered only by the lustre that surrounded it. Matilda had the most tender and generous attachment to Belville, and she observed this silent, this secret uneasiness; for though his delicacy prevented his expressing it, yet her good sense, or rather her affection soon discovered it. She now grew uneasy in her turn; but as her reason was not less strong than her delicacy was refined, she debated with herself, what could be the cause of this uneasiness in Belville. "Let me (said Matilda) surmount, if possible, the natural blindness of partiality, and look into my own breast, to see if there be not something there that might have affected Belville." She did so—she examined her temper, she examined her behavior: she compared them not with her own sensations, but with those which were expressed by other people; and above all, she watched the expression of Belville's countenance, to see if she could not discover some defect in herself, by a correspondency in his features when it appeared. If, says she, I see any mark of disapprobation in Belville, I shall trust to that information much more than to my unconsciousness of demerit. Thus in the condescending tenderness of her soul, did she determine, and the refinement of her heart prevailed. She read in Belville's face, not only what he was too generous to enfold, but what she herself had never expected. Alas! the very place which it most necessary we should enter, is generally the best guarded by prejudice against our own tuition; but before her candor, her reason, and, above all, the delicacy of her passion for Belville, pride and prejudice immediately gave way: she disputed not a moment with her own heart, she saw its imperfection in as strong a light as she would have done the imperfection of another; nay, she saw it in a light which made it appear greater than it was. Beautiful excess! amiable error! she thought it infinitely greater than Belville had ever done. "I hate myself, (said Matilda.) What! could I want discernment to see the least sparkle of that in myself, which would have glared in my eyes for another! Poor Belville; thou shalt be satisfied. I would before have sacrificed my life; I will now do what I find would have been harder for me to have done, hadst thou not thus generously taught me the lesson; to thee I will sacrifice even my pride." Belville observed in Matilda an attention yet more scrupulous than she had before shewn even to him; a sensibility, an attractive softness, a love which even surpassed her own. He observed too, that whatever little peccadillo had thus grieved him, was removed with the utmest complacency and chearfulness.

(To be Concluded in our next.)

RUIN'D MARY.

THE shrill gust whistles o'er the plain;
The herds their ev'ning shelter seek;
And fasts descends the patt'ring rain
That beats on Mary's pallid cheek.

Poor girl! she wanders 'mid the storm,
Nor knows her paths is wet and dreary—
For reason fled her lovely form,
When love betray'd poor ruin'd Mary.

Her dim eye scarce the path discerns;
Her tatter'd vestments mock the blast;
Her wounded heart with madness burns;
And to the cliff she wanders fast,

Yet I remember well the day,
When she was like the rambling fairy;
Among the gayest she was gay,
Till love betray'd poor ruin'd Mary.

'Twas in yon vine-surrounded grove,
A lover won her virgin heart;
'Twas in yon fragrant sweet alcove
She first confess'd love's treach'rous smart:

'Twas there the voice of art beguil'd
A heart that knew not to be wary—
Seduction's fiends successful smil'd,
And triumph'd over ruin'd Mary.

Nay sad and mournful pass her days,
For innocence has fled her breast;
And wild she sings her artless lays,
When darkness lulls the swains to rest.

High on the jutting cliff she stands,
Like some despoding, wand'ring fairy;
In robes of white, with folded hands,
And breathes a prayer for ruin'd Mary.

INSCRIPTION

Over the Chimney of a Gentleman's Dining Room, near New-Haven.

TO my best, my friends are free
Free with that, and free with me;
Free to pass the harmless joke,
And the tube sedately smoke;
Free to drink just what they please,
As at home, and at their ease;
Free to speak, and free to think,
No informers with me drink;
Free to stay a night or so,
When uneasy, free to go.

A SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE IN THE LIFE OF AMROU.

AMROU, Sultan of Gazna, waging war with Ismaël Samain, Sultan of Karisma, had the misfortune to be made prisoner in an engagement. The conqueror, a stranger to generosity, confined his captive in a castle, where he watched with the greatest attention. This prince, overcome with hunger and fatigue, demanded some provision from his guards. They brought him a little raw meat, which he was to dress at the same fire that served to warm the unhappy Sultan. While Amrou was waiting impatiently for this supper, a dog, as hungry as himself, seized the morsel of meat, and made off with it.—The Sultan's first attempt was to pursue the thief; but finding himself stopped by his chains burst into a violent fit of laughter. The guards, moved with pity, were eager to repair his loss, and asked him, with astonishment, what could excite his mirth in the melancholy situation he was in? "I could not refrain," replied the prince, "from laughing at myself: this morning, as I was forming my order of battle, I saw three hundred loaded Camels pass in the rear, which the superintendant of my household assured me, was scarcely sufficient to carry the provision of my kitchen; and the same evening a little dog has carried it away in his mouth."

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, MAY 25, 1805.

Twenty-six Deaths have occurred in this city during the last week, ending the 18 h inst.

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On Monday evening, between 4 and 5 o'clock James Aluer, formerly a general in the revolutionary army, and latterly superintendant of the State-Prison, was found suspended by a silk handkerchief from his bed post.

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HUGH GAINE, whose death has been prematurely announced in almost every state in the union, was on Tuesday elected one of the Governors of the New-York Hospital.

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BROCKHURST LIVINGSTON, Esq. is said to have been appointed Judge for the district of New-York, as successor to John Sloss Hobart, Esq. deceased.

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DOVER, (DEL.) May 2.

We are informed that a person of the name of Black, living near Johnstown, in Sussex county, a few days since beat a servant man of his to death. The person who gave this information, states that he, Mr. Black, suspended the man in a cellar; tied his feet together, and placed four heavy fence rails between them, and then whipped him much beyond the merit of his offence.—However, not being satisfied after having repeated his chastisement several times, he left him hanging with this enormous weight to his feet, locked the cellar door, and walked off two miles to a neighbors. When he returned, on going into the cellar, and seeing his servant motionless, he with the heart of a savage added four to the numberless lashes which he had already given him; using at the same time these words; "D—n you, have you gone to sleep;" he then discovered the result of his severity, and said "I believe he is dead," which was the fact.

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A young Lady, of interesting appearance, elegant dressed in a crimson velvet pelisse, proceeded down the steps on the Surrey side of Blackfriars-bridge, and taking a letter out of her muff, threw it into the water, exclaiming in a frantic melancholy, "Go to the stream; I have tied up the ends—he will get it; he cannot be drowned; I am sure he will come back!" Two Gentlemen, who, from the singular behavior of this unfortunate female, previous to her going down the stairs, had suspected that she laboured under the mental derangement, followed her, and having no doubt of the fact, from her wild and extravagant answers to their questions and offers of assistance, they conveyed her according to her own direction, to the house of her relations at Walworth, from whom, it appeared, she had eloped in the morning. This unhappy girl, in consequence of a recent shock, occasioned by the death of an Officer who long paid his addresses to her; is deprived of her reason, and had deceived the vigilance of her attendants when she got out. It is scarcely necessary to add, the joy which her return produced in the family. *Lon. pap.*

REGISTRY OFFICE FOR SERVANTS.

MICHAEL M'GREANE,

No. 9 BROAD-STREET,

RESPECTFULLY informs the Public, that he continues to receive Commands in that line, from Employers and Servants, which he attends to with the greatest care and punctuality.

*** A few Servants on the Books, well recommended.

May 25, 1805. 855, tf.

COURT OF HYMEN.

MODEST dress and gentle carriage,
Love triumphant in his throne;
These the blissful fruits of Marriage,
None but fools would live alone.

MARRIED,

On the 22d inst. by the Rev. Dr. Phoebus, Mr. *Edward Otter*, to Miss *Eliza Delacroix*, both of this city.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Williams, Mr. *John Hewitt*, Merchant Taylor, to Miss *S Clarson*, both of this city.

In March last, Mr. *James Wright*, to Miss *Sarah Sandford*, both of this city.

At London, the Earl of Osmond, to Miss *Clarke*, daughter of Price Clarke, Esq. This Lady, who is only sixteen has a fortune of *Eighty Thousand Pounds, in* CASH, and a clear ESTATE of *Eighteen Thousand Pounds per annum.*

MORTALITY.

HOW fleet the days of mortal Man;
His time when run, is but a span.

DIED,

On Tuesday last, Mrs. CHARLOTTE SOPHIA DODGE, wife of Mr. Izekiel Dodge, Inspector of the Customs.

At Huntington, (L. I.) On Friday the 17th inst. RICHARD LEWIS, merchant, aged 33 years. He sustained an unblemished character, and left an amiable wife and three children to mourn the loss of a most affectionate husband, and a kind indulgent parent.

At Bedford, Westchester county, on Monday the 13th inst. Dr. STEPHEN ROCKWELL, son of the late Hon. Nathan Rockwell, Esq. aged 35 years.

To all who ever knew the deceased, panegyric would be superfluous; and the following description, though confessedly chosen by the partial hand of friendship, cheerfully awaits the award of those who knew him best. Dr. Rockwell's person, which considerable exceeded the ordinary size, was of the most perfect symmetry; his countenance, though sedate and pensive, at the same time invited, acquaintace and commanded respect. The qualities of his mind, corresponding to the dignity of his person, were the most happy and brilliant. His deportment ever the result of principles, was, at all times consistent and amiable, though such was the uniform suavity of his temper, that he seemed incapable of elevation by prosperity, or of depression by adversity, he was affable and possessed of manners at once the most simple and captivating. His professional education, though of the common and economical kind, was supplied by a fund of native sense and sound judgement, that challenged *love of learning*.—He possessed a degree of tacid and intuitive analogy, at the same time that it appalled pedantry, secured him truth apparently without labour. In his prescriptions, he was simple and unostentatious, he possessed a public confidence unlimited and his practice was at all times extensive and successful.

In his death his numerous family experience a great loss, society is deprived of one of its greatest ornaments, and nature acknowledges the imperfection of her powers, in the disorganization of one of her fairest productions.

JUST RECEIVED,

AND FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE,

A large supply of the best Holland QUILLS, by the thousand, hundred or quarter.

TO LET,

A ready furnished ROOM; enquire at No. 44 Barley-Street.

COURT OF APOLLO.

THE WAGER.

TOM TROTTER, last Christmas, most bitterly swore,
That he would be married by May, or before;
I told him, no woman of sense would e'er have him,
For he cuts an extraordinary figure—(save him.)
However a wager was laid out in fine,
Of two turkey cocks and a bottle of wine.

A fortnight ago, I chanc'd to see Tom,
I ask'd if married, he sigh'd with a hum:
What Tom, is it so? I said then I've lost;
Aye! faintly says he, and I've won to my cost;
A terrible shrew of a wife I've to handle,
It was but last night, in my face went the candle.

She's scolding for ever, no tongue can express,
She makes the room echo, like football no peace;
Now and then, nay 'tis often, my head will comb
In a terrible manner: Thus suffers poor Tom.
She'll be out of the way, come and see me tomorrow;
I wish I had lost: I have won to my sorrow.

ANECDOTE.

THE late Duke of Richmond had some capital hunters in Sussex. A monkey who was kept in the same stable was remarkably fond of riding the horses, skipping from one to the other, and teasing the poor animals incessantly. The groom made a complaint to the Duke, who immediately formed a plan to remedy the evil. "If he is so fond of riding," said his grace, "we'll endeavor to give him enough of it." A compleat jockey dress was provided for the monkey, and the next time the hounds went out, jacko in his uniform was strapped to the back of one of the best hunters. The view-hollow being given, away they went, through thick and thin: the horse carrying so light, a burthen presently left all the company behind. Some of the party passing by a farm-house, enquired of a countryman whether he had seen the fox. "*Aye sure*, (said the man,) *he be gone over yon fallow.*" "And was there any one up with him?" "*Whoy, yes* (said John) *there be a little man in a yellow jacket, riding as though the devil be in um.— I hope from my heart the young gentleman may'nt meet with a fall, but he rides most monstrous hard.*

The experiment had the desired effect; jacko was sufficiently chafed by his exercise to make him dislike the sight of a horse or a stable ever afterwards.

ACADEMY.

E. ELY,

RETURNS thanks to his friends and employers for their liberal encouragement in the line of his business, and would respectfully inform them and the public, that in addition to his own exertions in Teaching, he has engaged a Young Gentleman of talents and liberal education, as an Affistant in his Academy; likewise a Lady, well qualified for teaching the various branches of Needle Work, or spelling and reading, whose school will open in a pleasant summer apartment of the same house, on Wednesday next, the first of May, and be under the particular inspection of Mr. ELY.

Encouragement is solicited, and faithful exertions promised. Mr. Ely will admit a select class of young Ladies for the completion of their improvement in Grammar and Geography from 6 to 8 o'clock A. M. at his Academy, No. 40 Partition-street.

Morning Tuition to commence the first of May.

April 27, 1805. 851 3t.

MORALIST.

WERE I to describe the blessings I desire in life, I would be happy in a few, but faithful friends, Might I choose my talent, it should rather be good sence, than learning.—I would consult in the choice of my house, convenience rather than state; and for my circumstances, desire a moderate but independant fortune. Business, enough to secure me from indolence, and leisure enough to have an hour to spare. I would have no masters, and I desire but few servants. I would not be led away by ambition nor perplexed with disputes. I would enjoy the blessing of health but; would rather to be beholden for it to a regular life and an easy mind, than to the school of Hipocrates. As to my passions, since we can not be wholly divested of them, I would hate only those whose manners rendered them odious, and love only where I knew I ought. Thus would I pass cheerfully through that portion of my life which cannot last always, and with resignation wait for that which will last forever.

SELECT SEMINARY.

Mr. NASH Teacher, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he is about to remove to No. 7 Peck-Slip, near Pearl-street, where his school will be conducted on the same plan, and tuition at the same prices as during the winter preceding. He also thinks proper to inform his employers that his accommodations for the school are superior to any he has hitherto found in this city, and purposes to direct his attention entirely to the business of instruction.

A MORNING SCHOOL.

Will likewise commence at the above place on the 1st of May ensuing, for the instruction of young Ladies in Writing, Arithmetic, Geography, and the use of the Globes English Grammar, and English Composition.

Apr. 27 851 3w.

MILENARY

A Saunders, finding that he cannot quit his present line of business so soon as he intended, without great loss on his stock on hand. Begs leave to inform his customers and the public that he still continues his business at his store, No 119 William Street, where, he has a general assortment of Straw, Leghorn, and Paper Bonets as usual, whole sale and retail.

April 27. 851tf.

SCALES, WEIGHTS & MEASURES.

ABRAHAM CARGILL,

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April, 27 1804. 851.tf

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NO. 22 —VOL. XVII NEW-YORK SATURDAY, JUNE 1 1805 NO. 856.

PERIANDER OF CORINTH, OR REVENGE;

A TALE.

(Translated from the German of Augustus La Fontaine.)

(CONTINUED)

MELISSA had loved him more than all her children. While on the journey he thought only of her, her virtues, her death, her murderer, his father; and a dreadful anguish pierced his generous soul. Nature had bestowed on him strength of mind and dignity of soul, and the example of Procles had rendered his sentiments and manners great and noble. He was the image of his father, but only in his finest features. His brother, a feeble and vain youth, had neither mind nor heart.

When they arrived at Corinth, Periander, who had heard from many travellers enthusiastic commendations of the noble spirit and greatness of soul of Lycophron, hastened with all the joy of a father to meet his two sons. While yet at a distance he easily recognized the younger, by his heroic figure, his noble air, and elevated look. Periander threw himself into his arms; but Lycophron stood silent before him, with his eyes fixed on the ground.

"My noble Locophron!" said the father, and offered to embrace him, but his son shrunk back as if seized with terror, and was silent; nor did he even answer the question—"Wilt thou not salute thy father?"

With eyes fixed on the ground Lycophron walked by the side of Periander into the city. His sister, who came to meet him, embraced him, saying, 'how unfortunate are we!' His father now clasped him with emotion to his breast, but the youth stood cold and silent in his arms, without raising his eyes.

Confused and irritated, Periander left his son with a foreboding of misfortune in his mind.—Lycophron went to the grave of his mother, and throwing himself on it, lay there a long time, shedding tears with the most violent agitation.—His father was moved, went to him at the grave of Melissa, and again offered to embrace him.—But Lycophron drew back with an exclamation of abhorrence, pointed silently to the grave and departed.

Three days the son continued at the house of his father without speaking a word. Periander made every effort to reconcile him to him; but Lycophron never looked upon him, never answered him. At length the pride of the father and of the king was aroused. He led his son to the door of his house, and said to him, 'wilt thou yield and submit to me?"

The youth answered not.

'Begone, then!' exclaimed Periander in a rage; 'leave my house, I am not thy father!'

The son, without reply, passed into the street, and walked away.

'Shall I submit to my son?' said Periander angrily to himself. 'No, I will estrange myself forever from him.'

He now learned from his elder son the last conversation of Lycophron with Procles. His heart felt a strong emotion, but his pride obtained the victory over his conscience. He sent orders to the friends of his son who had received him, to exclude him from their houses Lycophron wandered about Corinth, rejected by all, but returned no answer when he was advised to be reconciled to his father. At length a friend of his grandfather took him into his habitation, and with him he lived in melancholy privacy.

'The vengeance of the gods!" said Medon—'The insolence of a madman!" said Periander; and heralds, by his order, throughout Corinth proclaimed, That whosoever should receive into his house Lycophron, the son of Periander, or only speak to him a single word, should forfeit all his property to Apollo.

Lycophron heard the proclamation of the herald, and silently left the house of his friend, and went into the forum, under the porticoes.—There he remained without speaking, without changing his habit, almost without shelter, and without food for three days.

Every hour Periander hoped the pride and stubbornness of his son would yield. But it was the father's pride which was compelled to yield. On the fourth day Periander went to the portico under which his son remained, and found Lycophron lying on the ground almost exhausted with grief and hunger. His pale countenance was sunk on his breast, and his dim eyes fixed on the earth. When Periander saw him, his proud heart felt the severest pang. With heavy sighs he stood by the side of Lycophron, and long surveyed him with looks of compassion.

'Oh my son!' at length said he in the mild voice of entreaty—'Oh my son, the gods are just, but thou, thou art unjust towards me and towards thyself. Yes, I did the deed which excites thy horror and thy indignation; but shall the son be the avenger of the mother on his sister? I entreat thee, come into my house. Thou hast felt what the anger of a father is; now come and learn how happily thou mayst live with me. Answer me, my son—answer me! cried he louder. 'Answer me, wretch!' at length exclaimed he, with furious rage.

With feeble voice the son replied, 'Thy property is forfeited to Apollo, since thou hast spoken to the unfortunate son of Melissa'

The father considered this as an insolent taunt.

'May my eyes never see thee more, abominable wretch!' cried he with fury, and departed.

Lycophron laid his faint head upon the stones waiting the stroke of death, and thus continued till evening—for no Corinthian dared to receive him into their house. But at midnight, a youth of Corcyra, named Agathon, came to him under the porticoes, and brought him food. He gently raised his feeble head, revived him with bread and wine, and bedewed him with tears of the tenderest compassion. Lycophron, animated with new strength, raised himself, reclined his head on the breast of his friend, while his heart united to him in the bands of eternal friendship.

On a sudden they heard, through the silence of the night, the footsteps of a female. This was Melissa, the sister of Lycophron. Agathon went to meet her. She took him for her brother, and threw herself, weeping, violently into his arms.

'Oh, my brother!' said she in a voice of the most poignant grief.

'I am not thy brother,' answered Agathon and led her to the unhappy Lycophron.

'A stranger, my sister—Agathon has preserved my life—and my father ———

'Is irreconcileably enraged,' replied Melissa. 'Thou must die.'

'I will deliver him,' said Agathon, and stretched out his hand as a pledge of his promise. Melissa pressed his hand to her heart.

'I will deliver thee, Lycophron,' said the stranger again, 'or I will die with thee.'

Melissa, now overpowered with this generosity, threw herself into the arms of the stranger.—They concerted together in what manner they should proceed; and Agathon then accompanied Melissa home.

'Where,' said he to her, 'shall I find you to inform you of the deliverance of your brother.'

'Every morning,' said she, 'I walk in the garden. At the entrance of a grove in it is the image of a faun: there you will find me.'

The following night Agathon again brought his friend food and wine. A ship was ready to sail for Corcyra, and only waited a favorable wind. The wind changed propitiously, and Agathon went to communicate the intelligence to Melissa. He soon found the grove she had pointed out to him, and entering it, met a female veiled. 'Melissa,' said he. She threw back the veil, and Agathon stood lost in delightful surprise.

In the temple of Neptune, on the festival of that deity, the youth had seen Melissa dance among other virgins. He had viewed her with fixed eyes, and felt the delicious force of love.—Lost in a transport of admiration, he had forgotten to inquire her name, and suddenly she disappeared.—Never again could he find her at any festival, or in any temple. From that time he had lived in Corinth, secluded and melancholy, till the unhappiness he suffered himself led him to succor the unhappy Lycophron.

'You! Is it you?' exclaimed he, when he now again saw her.—'Oh ye benevolent, ye bountiful gods!—You!'

Trembling with joy he fell at her feet. Melissa was astonished at the agitaton of Agathon, and viewed him with uneasiness.

'Was you not,' asked she after some little reflection, 'among the spectators at the festival of Neptune?'

'Yes, Melissa; and since that day, oh what have I not done again to obtain, if possible, a sight of you! O how anxiously wretched has been my life since that day!'

'But my brother———' said Melissa, blushing deeply.

—'Will go with me to day, or the following night to Corcyra. There he shall be my brother: a still more sacred bond now unites me to him; the purest love for his sister.'

'Corcyra is subject to the authority of my my father,' said Melissa anxiously.

'Fear not, Melissa; he shall live in the most pleasant retirement, unknown, in the arms of the tenderest friendship; and if the gracious gods incline thy heart to accept my vows, in the arms of the most faithful love, in thine and my